The Sketch

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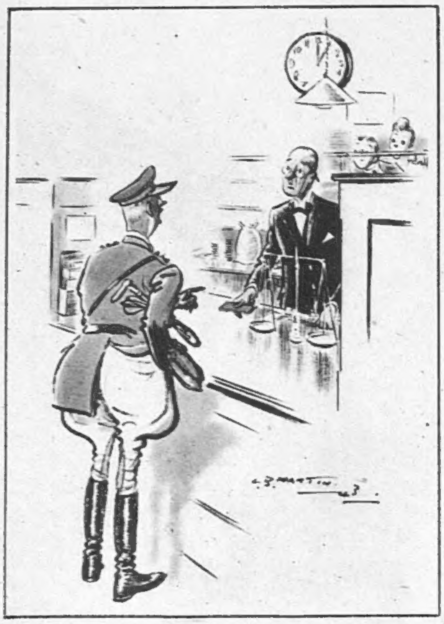
WIFE AND CHILDREN OF THE WADI AKARIT V.C.

MRS. LORNE MacLAINE CAMPBELL *is the wife of Major (temporary Lieut.-Colonel) Lorne MacLaine Campbell, V.C., D.S.O., T.D., Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He won the V.C. for his gallantry at Wadi Akarit, when, as described in one of the longest official citations of the war, he gave a display of valour and utter disregard for personal safety which could not be excelled. He won the D.S.O. in 1940 at Dunkirk, and less than two months ago was awarded a bar to it. He was a partner in a London firm of champagne importers, and comes of a line of great fighters. His uncle, Vice-Admiral Gordon Campbell, won the V.C. in the 1914-18 war. Our photograph shows Mrs. Campbell, who was Miss Amy Muriel Jordan Campbell, with her sons,* ALISTAIR LORNE *and* PATRICK GORDON, *aged six and four respectively. Major Campbell received his V.C. ribbon from General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson at the United Nations Day parade in Cairo.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

"Globaloney." The coming air age is more threatening than ever. Mr. Wallace, Vice-President of the United States, has allowed his imagination to soar into new, rarefied realms for bird-men. An irreverent female member of Congress has described his ideas as mere "globaloney." We need a new Aristophanes to sharpen his wits, and ours, on the modern Cloud-cuckooland. Meanwhile, the House of Commons seems to think that England is, by comparison, a little backward in this matter, and that we are still insufficiently air-minded in anticipation of the new stratospheric era. A train is still good enough to transport us from Land's End to John o' Groats, and we are not thinking continentally about the "annihilation of distance," although distance is still a hard and troublesome fact in a world-wide empire. If we don't take steps, we may find that others have got in before us and established an air empire. There's still plenty of room in the atmosphere, but not so much room for all the best airports, with their tremendous organisation; and however air-minded you may be, it is no use forgetting that you are also earthbound.



"Gad, Sir! How d 'ye expect me to sign 'Aubrey Cholmondeley Buntingford Twickenham-Raspberry' in a skinny little cheque-book like that?"

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Upstairs and Downstairs.

I suppose it has all got to come as the prophets foretell, but I am not sure that it will come quite as quickly or as thoroughly as many people suppose. When the internal-combustion engine arrived, everybody said that the horse would soon be an extinct species; but the horse showed remarkable tenacity to life. So did the bicycle, long after it had been consigned to the museum; and the gramophone, instead of being killed by the radio, took a new lease of life. I cherish a hope that it may be some little time before everybody is fluttering about on his own wings and dropping down in the garden in the family helicopter. That prospect, for me, does not add to the attractions of the New Order, and, apart from anything else, I foresee some complicated traffic problems. But this, no doubt, is reactionary, and may be due to an excessive respect for the law of gravitation, which may be demoded, but still has some influence on human arrangements.

Bay View. It is possible, however, that one of these days we shall see the sky blackened with flights and coveys of trippers winging their way to war-scarred England. "You have no idea," said an American to me the other day, "how many Americans are yearning to see a bombed house." There are plenty of opportunities, and there will certainly be a lively industry in souvenirs. Mr. Bevin seems to expect that we are going to be Greater Switzerland, and that there are golden days ahead for the catering trade. But Mr. Bevin has original ideas of some of the attractions of our island. "We have," he recently said, "the best coastline in the world." England, with all thy faults I love thee still—but your coastline! No, my native country, and no, Mr. Bevin—the White Cliffs will ever stir my heart, but the utmost of my patriotism cannot imagine that anybody who has ever seen a real beach in the Pacific, or in America or Australia or South Africa, will come thousands of miles to bathe waist-high in icy waters, to gaze adoringly on acres of shingle, mud-flats and bungalows, to insert (with difficulty) a deck-chair among ten thousand others, or to take a trip across the bay in the "Skylark." No, Mr. Bevin—go and *have a look* at a beach with sand and surf, and think again!

Parishioner: **"How about getting the vicar to pray for a leaflet raid?"**

DRAWN BY VICKY.

Paradise Enow.

I cannot believe, therefore, that the rush to the seaside is going to be one of the leading features of the new air age; but I admit that in other respects the air has its uses. It seems that even in the heart of the Burman jungle anything can be delivered by 'plane. The march of progress is shown by the fact that, while the ancient Israelites considered themselves lucky (until it began to pall) to get manna, our troops have had clothes, bread, chocolate, beer, whisky, rum, sweets and even, in one case, the "Life of Bernard Shaw," dropping out of the skies. One soldier, it is reported, even received a copy of his

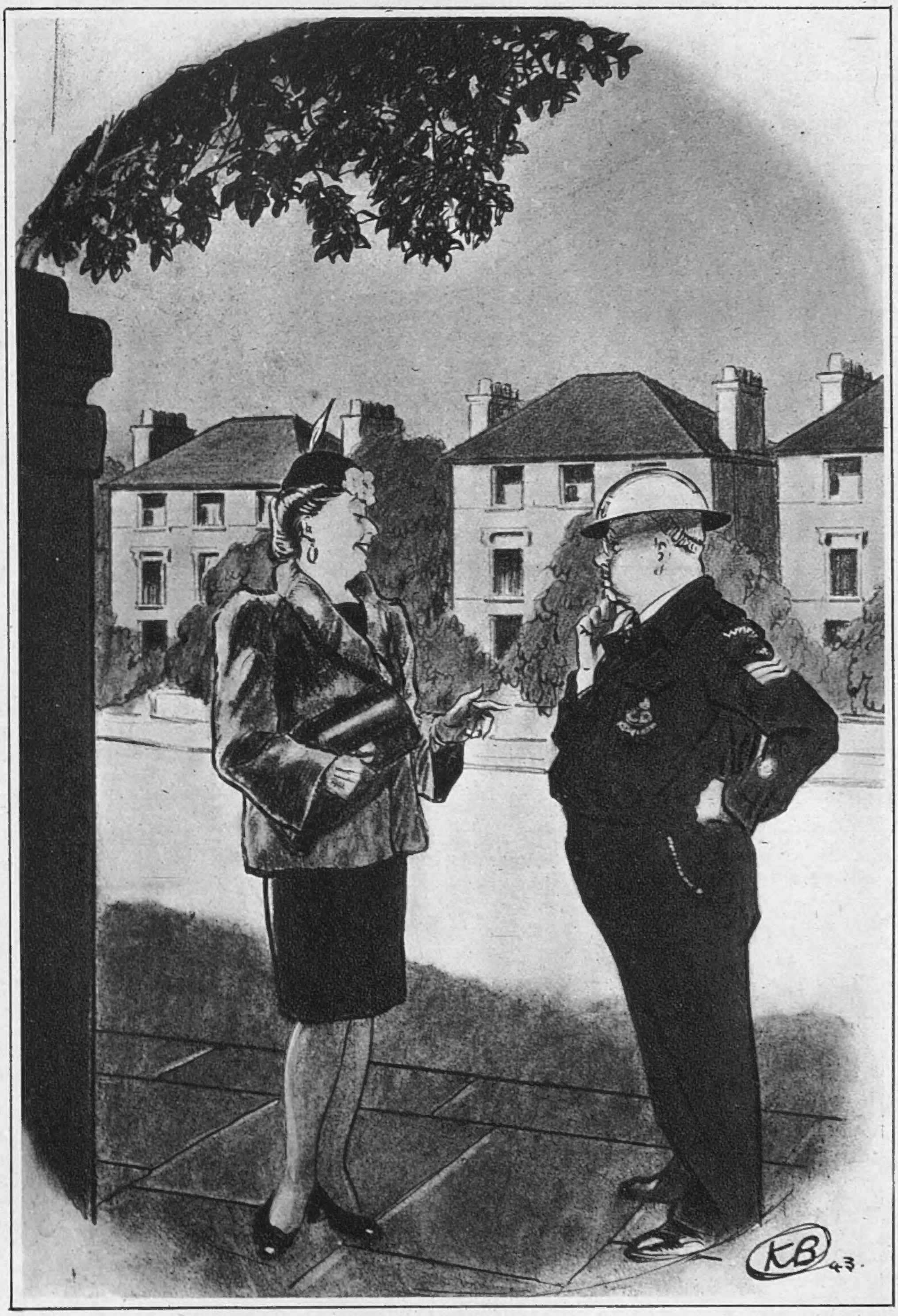
Hotel Clerk: **"*Re* the inquiry about an egg for breakfast. Would you tell them that the Committee are sitting on it now."** (DRAWN BY WELLAND.)

A LANCASTER BOMBER'S PROPELLERS ARE PARTLY PAPER—DON'T HOARD WASTE PAPER.

last will and testament—not the most tactful present from home, one would have thought. I read also that in the depths of the Nigerian wilds our troops can now get beer at 1s. 9d. a bottle, and whisky at only 18s. a bottle, together with many other home comforts at very moderate rates, and without coupons. The hardships of this jungle warfare have undoubtedly been exaggerated, and many are now volunteering for it. "The wilderness were Paradise enow"—and that was said by a man whose wants were comparatively modest, and who thought in terms of mere flasks, not of barrels. But he had one thing which, up to date, the R.A.F. have *not* been able to deliver in the jungle. He called it Thou. Perhaps that will be the next issue?

Come to the Cook-house Door.

Housewives, who now have to drag home all the family necessaries in string bags or on their bicycles, are looking forward to the day when perhaps all the groceries will be dropped from the empyrean and the Sunday joint will come floating down by parachute. That is, if they need any groceries or joints. Perhaps they won't, for it looks as if we are all going to have our meals together in future, like good comrades and citizens. It is stated that there are now over 2000 British Restaurants, that they are increasing at the rate of ten a day, and that they are now serving about 180,000,000 meals a week. And this takes no account of the vast number of factory and other canteens where the meals are not only "square," but astonishingly cheap. Squareness, no doubt, has its angles, if you are faddy; but how the nation, and especially the harassed mothers, would have been nourished without this sensible form of "rationalisation" it is difficult to imagine. About one-half of every community spends its time in feeding the other half. It will be interesting to see whether the half which is now being fed will, in the future, be able to feed itself better than aforetime. Let us hope so; it is a question which they do not seem to have settled at Hot Springs.



Prophet: "Don't take any notice of what *I* say, Mr. Jones, but when *I* feel convinced that we shall have a raid during the night—then we *don't* have a raid!"

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

Flesh, Flesh, How Art Thou Fishified!

There will be those who will still repair habitually to that other and permanent British Restaurant — the fish-and-chips shop. Not that I would disparage either fish or chips, or both. Indeed, I am pained to see that there has, apparently, been a certain social stigma about these honourable establishments, and I am happy to observe that the "post-war aim"—at least as sound as many others!—of the National Federation of Friers is that a customer shall be able "to walk into a fish-frying shop and maintain his dignity." I should think so, indeed!—for what loss of dignity there should be about a well-fried plaice or a nicely browned chip, I quite fail to see. It is not to be borne that Britons should creep furtively away with a funnel, or cornet, of nourishing supper, as if they were slinking out of the Bottle and Jug Department. I hope the Federation will aim not only at dignity, but at an odour of sanctity, though that may be more difficult to achieve.

The Honour of a Gherkin.

Fish and chips have not only nourished millions, but have been (together with the kipper) the essential means of livelihood of many a hard-working low comedian. Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, the irresistible drollery of certain staples of the supper-table; one is fish and chips, another is pickled onions, and another is undoubtedly gherkins. The Lodger may fail, My Old Woman may fail, and very occasionally Mother-in-Law has been known to fail; but the gherkin never. The fascination of the word probably lies in the fact that it is, in itself, a sort of phonetic hiccup. But now it is much more, for, like most comestibles nowadays, it has become a legal problem. "Is a gherkin a cucumber?" was the question upon which all the learning of the law was concentrated the other day at London Sessions. The answer appears to be that it *was* a cucumber. Having become a gherkin, it has reached a higher status, even as the butterfly emerges from the chrysalis. Therefore, the price which controls a cucumber does not necessarily control the gherkin—which is, indeed, a very difficult thing to control, especially after you have eaten it. Thus, very properly, does the law vindicate the high and venerable reputation of the gherkin.

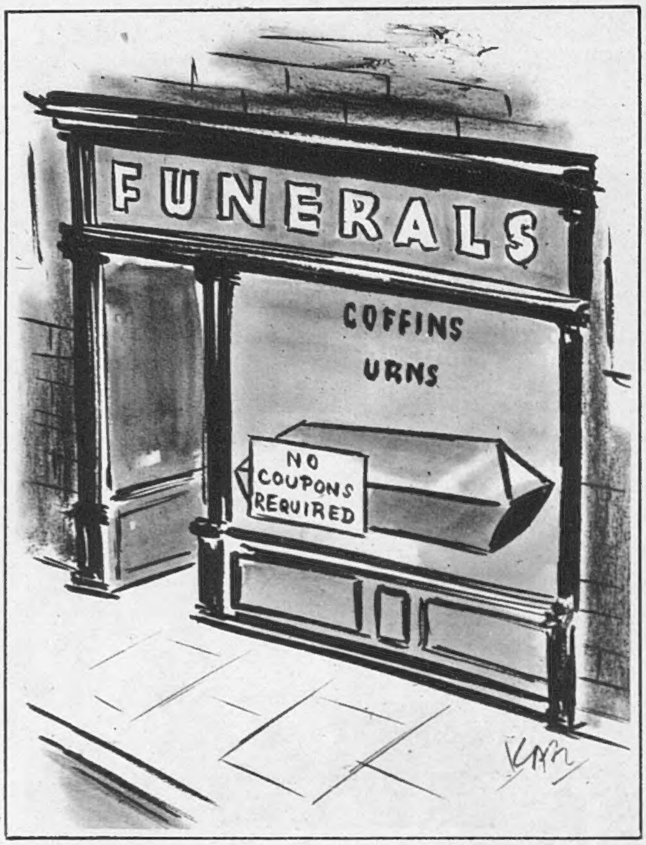
Hoots Toots Zoots!

There is, I fear, a disposition in some quarters to speak flippantly not only of gherkins and kippers, but of utility suits. I hope this levity will be silenced by the example of Mr. Adolphe Menjou in having

[*Continued overleaf.*

Continued.]

himself photographed in a utility suit. Mr. Menjou is well known to be Hollywood's glass of fashion and mould of form, and if any Balham Brummel has been hesitating, I hope he will now realise that what is good enough for Mr. Menjou is good enough for him. There is something to be said for quiet, sober utility of pattern—what your tailor calls "gentlemanly" — because originality of design seems to lead to trouble and strife. At all events, that has happened in California, where the Zoot Suit, and its wearers, have not found favour with the loyal troops, and the result is 500 persons in the cells and 150 in hospital. The Zoot Suit appears to be a kind of djibbah-plus-harem trousers. Near relations of it may still be seen in Bohemian circles in this country, but up to the present the wearers have escaped shock tactics—rightly or wrongly, I am not prepared to say. No doubt, gents' Zoot suitings have the advantage that you can make them, without coupons, out of curtains or sofa-covers; but, on the whole, I think I will play safe and follow Mr. Menjou's example.



THIS SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

DRAWN BY KAY.

Safety Last. I do not know whether there are any Zoot hats on the market, but I read that "fantastic prices" are being charged for "bits of straw, tulle and flowers, felt or velvet." That is no way to speak of the sacred art of millinery; you might just as well call the latest Rue de la Paix creation a "bit of material." It all depends, of course, on what they do to the bit—or, more often, on what they don't do. Persons without a soul for beauty are now demanding that these "bits" be rationed and degraded to the level of utility. The Board of Trade answer is that "buying a new hat can be a safety valve for women." I have heard and read many descriptions of this process, and I have even seen it in all its painful stages, but never before have I heard it suggested that out of the nettle of a woman's hat you could pluck the flower safety. "The President," we are told, "wants women to have this enjoyment." That is all very nice and kind and chivalrous of the President of the Board of Trade, but are his benevolent instincts shared by all other husbands ?

A Little Bit of Fluff.

In other respects this Minister is a stern, adamantine sort of male. He will not issue a licence for the manufacture of a powder-puff or a handkerchief more than three inches square. Three inches! I suppose you *can* keep the shine off a nose with a speck of fluff—it does not really matter much, anyhow, because in nine cases out of ten the shine exists solely in imagination, and the deshining is merely a nervous habit. Besides, why is a glossy nose less becoming than a dull one? It is merely a matter of fashion. We men allow our noses to shine forth to the world as bold as Bardolph's, but we do not on that account lose any of the admiration which is our natural due. But when it comes to handkerchiefs—well, how a three-inch handkerchief can be of the slightest use to any human being no man will ever understand. However, again it doesn't matter very much, because most women's handkerchiefs are on the floor or scattered about the furniture most of the time, and it makes no difference whether they are ten inches, three inches, or no inches at all.

The Bottomless Stocking. An inch now and an ell then—here a little and there a little — and it is all so much less feeding-stuff for the insatiable Squander Bug, and the equally insatiable Exchequer is the gainer. Millions make little impression on the mind nowadays, but a total of twenty-seven and a half millions in a single week from pennies, sixpences and shillings saved and lent certainly commands respect even in the midst of astronomical war finance. It is double what it was in the same week last year, and it represents 12s. 2d. per head of the entire population. And it is only part of a total of 194 millions. It is tough for the Bug, and I fear it must annoy Hitler, too.

Pamela the Pullet.

Mr. George Graves, with universal acclamation, has renewed our acquaintance with Hetty the Hen, the proud mother of the door-knob. A serious rival to her has arisen in Pamela the Pullet, who has accompanied a Tank unit of the Eighth Army from Iran to Tunis, and has never failed to lay a daily egg (generally under the brake-pedal). I repeat that the hardships of life in the wilderness are much exaggerated.

The Girl: "Nobody 'd ever guess we 're actually firm allies, would they ?"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

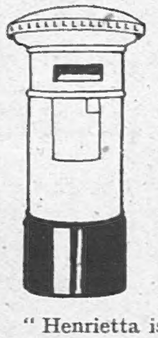
The sixty-sixth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"I EXPECT YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE BOYS!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—You remember Snubby Charmouth who used to be at Marriot's School with us? He turned up here from the Middle East with a nice wife a day or two ago. She and Charles became friends at once and started a nose-to-nose conversation in a corner.

"Extraordinary school your husband and my wife seem to have attended in their youth," said Charles.

"I am always surprised that Snubby isn't more peculiar than he is," said Mrs. Snubby.

"It says a lot for the Public Schools they went to afterwards."

"That's just what I think. But Snubby talks far more about that odd 'Sir' than he ever does about the headmaster of Rugby."

"Henrietta is always meeting bearded old warriors in bars who say they were at school with her."

"Marriot's has been like a lode-star to me throughout my life," said Snubby loudly and with emotion.

As I happen to know that he learnt practically nothing there, and 'Sir' used to beat him over the head with a ruler, I guessed this to be an exaggeration. But we Old Marrioteers always stand together, so I said I felt just the same.

"A little trouble on the football field."

"I've brought you some scent from Algiers," said Snubby, putting his hand in his pocket.

"I wondered why he smelt of violets," said Charles to Mrs. Snubby in a low voice.

"Sh——!" said Mrs. Snubby. "There's going to be a Presentation."

"To the Only Woman I Ever Fought For," said Snubby, and with a low bow he handed me a little round wooden case.

"*Me*, Snubby?"

"Don't tell me you've forgotten the fight I had with Willie Stamp," said Snubby reproachfully, but I looked at him blankly.

"I must say it's not like Henrietta to forget a thing of that kind," said Charles.

"Snubby's always talking about it," said Mrs. Snubby. "I'm sick of the story."

"You can't have *forgotten*, Henrietta," said Snubby in a shocked voice. "It was behind the bicycle-shed. Surely you remember?"

But I couldn't. And then, late that night, just as I was dropping off to sleep, I had a Vision of Snubby and Willie Stamp fighting behind the bicycle-shed. I'd never really forgotten it, but had not connected it with myself, believing it to be the result of a little trouble which had occurred on the football field that afternoon. "Incidents" were continually occurring on the Marriot playing-fields, where our games were unsupervised, except for "Sir," who would sit reading Homer under the copper-beech.

"I've remembered it!" I shouted.

"Remembered what?" said Charles sleepily.

"Snubby's fight with Willie Stamp."

"You'll remember another fight if you don't lie down and keep quiet," said Charles.

Next morning I sent Snubby a telegram. "Incident remembered with deep gratification."

Now the evenings are so long, Lady B. often comes up to our house for a chat after dinner. She is the only person Charles doesn't mind coming to the house at that time, because he knows he can go on reading the paper and she won't mind if he grunts. Indeed, Lady B. has remarked more than once that she likes Charles's grunts, as they remind her of her own happy married life. She even goes so far as to say that she understands what they mean, but I think that is just vain boasting on her part.

The night before last she arrived with her knitting. "If you get up, Charles, I'll never come here again," she said, and Charles, with a thankful sigh, abandoned the half-hearted attempt he was making to struggle out of his chair, and disappeared behind *The Times*.

"There's your chair," I said.

Lady B. hitched up her skirt at the back and sat down carefully. "One of the major troubles of my life just now," she said earnestly, "is trying to keep my two good skirts from bulging at the back."

"I always wear a very, very old one in the house."

"So I see," said Lady B. "What has made you so tired to-night, Henrietta?", for I was playing Patience, and Lady B. knows that I only do that when I am too exhausted to do anything else.

"Bindweed."

"Ah! I hope you admired me in the 'Wings for Victory' procession?"

"I thought you looked very fine, and I was glad to see that you had the courage to carry an umbrella."

"People were rather unkind about it at first, but they were glad to shelter under it when that shower began. Henrietta, I don't want to interfere with your Patience, but if you don't put that Knave on the Queen I shall go raving mad."

I put the Knave on the Queen. "The people they really ought to have in processions, and when the great Peace Procession comes I hope they will, are the Shoppers."

There was a grunt from Charles and *The Times* quivered slightly. "Charles and I couldn't agree with you more," said Lady B. "Shopping Baskets in one hand and Ration Books in the other."

"And dogs on leads?" Perry stood up in his basket, yawned widely, and lay down again with a thump.

"I'm not sure about dogs, but the Shoppers would walk right at the end of the procession, in single file, like a queue."

"With fallen arches and no powder on their noses."

"They'd get a rousing cheer if nobody else did," said Lady B., and there was another grunt from Charles.

After a short silence I said, "We're having the Sweep on Wednesday."

"Do you mean you're having the Sweep or you *want* to have the Sweep?" said Lady B. "He's very much in demand just now. So is the Window-Cleaner. Mrs. Savernack always gives the Sweep eggs and bacon when he's done her chimneys, and she gives the Window-Cleaner tea with shrimp paste. Just lately she's taken to darning his socks."

I sighed. "Life seems to be getting very complicated, doesn't it?" I said. "And my Patience hasn't come out for months and months."

Lady B. picked up one of the packs I had pushed crossly on one side and counted the cards. "There's one missing," she said.

Charles lowered *The Times* and looked over the top. "That always makes it more difficult," he said.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"'Shopping Baskets in one hand and Ration Books in the other.'"

"'Mrs. Savernack always gives the Sweep eggs and bacon.'"

THE ARMS OF THE RT. HON. WINSTON LEONARD SPENCER-CHURCHILL, P.C., C.H., M.P., Prime Minister of Great Britain, are :

Quarterly, first and fourth, CHURCHILL : Sablé a lion rampant argent with Augmentation of honour on a Canton argent a Cross gules (The Cross of St. George).
Second and third SPENCER. Quarterly argent and gules in the second and third quarters a fret or over all on a bend sable three escallops of the first (silver), and
As an Augmentation of honour, over all, placed upon an Inescochon in the centre chief point a Representation of the Bearings on the Standard or Colours belonging to the Honour or Manor of Woodstock—"Azure three fleurs-de-lis or upon a Shield Standard or Banner of the Cross of St. George (as borne in obedience to the Royal Command at the funeral of John, Duke of Marlborough)."

TWO CRESTS.

1. CHURCHILL : "A lion couchant guardant argent supporting a banner gules charged with a dexter hand couped of the first, the Staff or."
2. SPENCER : "Out of a ducal coronet or a griffin's head between two wings expanded argent gorged with a bar gemelle and armed gules."

Motto : FIEL PERO DESDICHADO. (Faithful and firm in misfortune); literally "faithful—but, even, although—unfortunate."

Authority to use the surname of Churchill in addition to and after that of Spencer and to bear the Quarterly Coat-of-Arms with Churchill in the first quarter together with the Churchill and the Spencer Crests was granted by the Prince Regent (in the name and on behalf of His Majesty King George III.) 4th June 1817 to George Spencer Churchill, 5th Duke of Marlborough (b. 1766; d. 1840), and has descended through the male line in accordance with the Laws of Heraldry to the Prime Minister.

Readers may amuse themselves by deducing symbolic meanings from the Premier's Coat-of-Arms. The Motto especially, translated : "Faithful and firm in misfortune," fits Mr. Churchill perfectly. The description is taken from the Royal Licence of 1817, and to the Arms is added the riband and badge of the Order of the Companion of Honour. The history of the Arms is a complicated one, and is best summarised thus : (1) 1620. Visitation of Devon. Pedigree of four generations with Arms only but no Crest. (2) 1661. Confirmation of Arms and grant of Crest and Augmentation of honour to Winston Churchill, Esq., M.P., and author. (3) 1704. Confirmation of Arms and Crest together with grant of supporters and Augmentation to the Duke of Marlborough (after the Battle of Blenheim). (4) 1817. Royal Licence and Exemplification of Arms of Churchill quartering Spencer with the two Crests as borne by the family at the present day. The Supporters only were strictly limited to the bearers of the title "Duke of Marlborough." The Spencer Coat-of-Arms has had a much less chequered career, and appears to have descended direct from Sir John Spencer, Knight of Wormleighton, co. Warwick, temp. Henry VIII.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S COAT-OF-ARMS AND ITS MEANING.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

PROBABLY the most controversial film produced in this country during our entire screen history is "THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COLONEL BLIMP." It will rouse passions and debates wherever it is shown. It will delight some people, and infuriate others. It will prove a knotty problem when the question of export comes to be considered. Will it do good to our reputation abroad? Will it do us harm? Every individual Briton who sees the film will hold strong theories on this point. Whatever you may think of "Colonel Blimp," you won't be inclined to underrate its importance.

Let's take the thing first as a casual picturegoer might see it. You have a free afternoon. You go to the Odeon and see "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp." What *do* you see? You see a very long piece, running two and three-quarter hours. It is in good Technicolor. It is well, and often touchingly, acted by Roger Livesey, Anton Walbrook and Deborah Kerr. What is it about? It is about a Home Guard exercise, scheduled to start at midnight. A zealous young N.C.O., piqued by the official order to "make it like the real thing," decides to anticipate zero hour by six hours. The war begins at midnight? Good. His war will begin at 6 p.m. He jumps the enemy positions, gets in ahead of all the enemy plans, and captures the enemy's commanding officer, Brigadier Clive Wynne-Candy (Roger Livesey), in his Turkish bath. Exceeding his rights by an exuberant fraction, he insults the old gentleman, his military tactics, his paunch and his moustache. The Brigadier, with a surprising display of energy, tumbles the N.C.O. into the swimming-pool. While the pair remain under water (2¼ hours by my watch) the story of the Brigadier's life is told.

The picture fades back. You see Clive Candy as a young V.C., a Guards officer in the Boer War. He goes to Berlin, to scotch rumours of British atrocities among the Boers. He fights a duel with an Uhlan officer (Anton Walbrook), and the whole regrettable affair is hushed up by the Foreign Office as a romantic escapade. The lady cited, an English governess (Deborah Kerr), becomes the Uhlan's wife, but a friendship springs up between the British soldier and the German that is to last a lifetime.

You see Colonel Candy next in France, at the end of the last war. Greying, middle-aged, and beginning to be a little pompous, he meets a young Yorkshire nurse (again Deborah Kerr), who reminds him of his first, lost love. He marries her, and resumes friendship, after the war, with the Uhlan officer, now released from a British prison camp.

The third episode brings you up to the present day. The second Deborah Kerr, Mrs. Clive Candy, is dead. Yet a third Deborah Kerr, an M.T.C. driver, works for the old Colonel, now a Brigadier. The Uhlan officer is a refugee from Nazi Germany. These two, the eternal Deborah and the faithful Walbrook, stand by old Candy when he is "axed" by the War Office, bombed out by the Germans, and withdrawn from a B.B.C. postscript in favour of J. B. Priestley. The fiasco of the Home Guard manœuvre proves the final blow. The picture leaves Brigadier Wynne-Candy, V.C., contemplating the ruins of his career, watching a dried leaf floating on the surface of the static water tank that was once his home, and wondering, just wondering.

That is the story of the film you will find at the Odeon this week. You will get a great deal of value for your money. You will see and hear much that is intelligent, and moving, and true. Somebody has given "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp" some remarkably good dialogue. The actors—not only Miss Kerr, Mr. Livesey and Mr. Walbrook, but the small-part players, notably Albert Lieven as a Prussian Officer, Roland Culver as a Home Office official, and Count Zichy as the Swedish Military Attaché—have taken full advantage of it. The duel in the Berlin gymnasium, the dinner at Candy's home after the Armistice, are memorable bits of film-making. Good brains have been at work on "Colonel Blimp." Judged by any technical standards, the film is a credit to our studios.

But what is the real message behind the technique? Ah, there you have me. Your guess is as good as mine. It may be that the old public school spirit is the most beautiful thing in the end. It may be that experienced age and hot-headed youth can always find a compromise. Or it may be that we Britons are a blind lot, that we need an ex-Prussian officer to teach us how to make love and win wars. Few will deny that Anton Walbrook has not only the best speech in the piece, but the richest opportunities for charm. . . . Of course, "Blimp" may have no social significance, no serious message at all. It may just be a lovely romance, running rather extravagantly to two and three-quarter hours. It may be the old, old story of the Hero, the Heroine, and Charles, a Friend. But somehow—I doubt it.

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Margaretta Scott. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

**Ambassadors: "SWEET AND LOW." Revue with Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "HEARTBREAK HOUSE." Revival—John Laurie, Edith Evans, Isabel Jeans, Deborah Kerr.

*Coliseum: "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN." Revue with Nervo and Knox.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker.

*Garrick: "LIVING ROOM." Esther McCracken's third. Louise Hampton and Jane Baxter.

*Globe: "THEY CAME TO A CITY." New Priestley play with John Clements, Googie Withers, Ada Reeve.

***Haymarket: "PRESENT LAUGHTER." Noel Coward's cocktail-time play, alternating with:—

** "THIS HAPPY BREED." Noel Coward's Little Man at Home.

**Hippodrome: "THE LISBON STORY." Play with music.

**New: OPERA by the Sadler's Wells Company.

**Palace: "HI-DE-HI." Hilarious revue, with Flanagan and Allen, Eddie Gray, Florence Desmond.

**Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co.

*Phœnix: "LOVE FOR LOVE." Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Angela Baddeley, Leon Quartermaine.

**Prince of Wales: "STRIKE A NEW NOTE." George Black's new revue, with the rising generation and Sid Field.

*Princes: "MAGIC CARPET." Musical extravaganza; with Sydney Howard and Cyril Fletcher.

**St. James's: "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY." Turgenev comedy perfectly done, with Michael Redgrave, Valerie Taylor, Ronald Squire.

**St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "JUNIOR MISS." Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. Michael Wilding. Last week.

*Whitehall: "THE MOON IS DOWN." John Steinbeck's book dramatised. Lewis Casson, Karel Stepanek, Carla Lehmann.

*Winter Garden: "THE VAGABOND KING." Revival—Webster Booth, Tessa Deane.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

Almost three years after the idea was first mooted, the celebrated war-charities film, "FOREVER AND A DAY," has reached London, and may be seen at the Leicester Square Theatre. This piece was thought up by members of the British colony in Hollywood, in gratitude, it is said, for U.S. contributions to British War Relief. Delays were caused by repeated shifts in personnel, and several players who had originally volunteered their services—such as Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh—had come back to England, or were otherwise unavailable, before the film got under way. Their withdrawal left the picture with a mere twenty-one famous writers, seven famous directors, and seventy-eight "Hollywood Favourites," headed by stars Brian Aherne, Robert Cummings, Charles Laughton, Ida Lupino, Herbert Marshall, Jessie Matthews, Ray Milland, Anna Neagle and Merle Oberon. (The order is alphabetical.) Most of these people worked without pay. R.K.O. provided studio facilities and distribution at cost, and the profits will be divided between British and American charities.

I was always brought up to believe that looking a gift horse in the mouth was as improper as snatching at table, or writing a thank-you letter without turning over on to the second page. I should like to be able to record that this enormous work is as distinguished as its talented and altruistic personnel. Unfortunately it isn't. There are moments when one of the seventy-eight Hollywood Favourites suddenly crystallises a thought or emotion on the screen; when one of the seven directors—René Clair, perhaps? Herbert Wilcox? Edmund Goulding? who knows?—fixes your attention with an

incident that seems forceful and sincere. But as a whole, "Forever and a Day" just begins, goes on, and—belatedly—ends.

These stills cover "They Got Me Covered" (Regal and London Pavilion). BOB HOPE *as Robert Kettridge, news reporter fired for a slip, wants to retrieve his job by getting the low-down on Axis sabotage in America. His coded notes are stolen, however, and he sleuths after them to the beauty salon in Axis H.Q. Here he finds Sally, stenographer* (PHYLLIS RUTH), *trapped so that she may transcribe them. But the enemy discovers Robert also, and he is left, speechless for once, sitting all by himself (right).*

The film is based on an original story of director Robert Stevenson's, called "Let the Rafters Ring." Stevenson, who lived before the war with his actress wife, Anna Lee, in one of the most picturesque old houses in London, has woven his story round a London house. His own home was on the south bank of the Thames. The house in the story lies "four miles north of the Park," in a district called Edgewood. When the film begins, in 1804, Edgewood is deep in the country, right out in the highwayman belt. When it ends, in the 1940 blitz, Edgewood is practically a slum. Amongst the burning débris of surrounding tenements, The House receives a direct hit. Everything goes, except the fine, solid old foundations, built in Nelson's days as a wine cellar, and built to last. The shelterers creep out unhurt from under the rubble. In the wall a tablet still stands unshattered: "Eustace Trimble built this house, and wishes well to all who shelter here."

Now this is a good idea for a plot and, sensitively handled, might have been a great idea. The thing, in its conception, has size and vision. There is an allegory there, a symbol, and a large drama. But unhappily the clear line of story has been fogged by a mass of mediocre detail. The House, which is the thing that matters, has to be occupied by those seventy-eight Hollywood Favourites. Each of the more prominent Favourites has to have his or her own individual drama. And that is where the trouble comes in. Most of these individual dramas are so darned dull.

For nearly a century and a half, The House is monopolised by the families of Trimble and Pomfret. Who are these Trimbles and Pomfrets? What figure have they cut in history? What lasting qualities or passions possess them? What Mænad drives them on? What dramatic advantage have they over the Smiths and the Joneses? From what deep inner source have they drawn the power to protect their House against German bombs? It is hard to guess, on the internal evidence.

The original Admiral Trimble (C. Aubrey Smith), who built the house, is a genial old Blimp, retired during the Napoleonic wars. His son (Ray Milland) dies, like quite a lot of other people, at Trafalgar, after having done at least one unconventional thing, and married a foundling (Anna Neagle). The foundling's guardian (Claude Rains), a wicked Pomfret, buys The House, but falls dead after drinking too much port and gazing too fixedly at a rather bad portrait of the Admiral. Two generations later the families are united as joint householders by the marriage of Mildred Trimble (Jessie Matthews) and Dexter Pomfret (Ian Hunter). Dexter's life passion is butterflies, and Mildred's chief claim to distinction is that she is interested in domestic plumbing.

The Trimble-Pomfret son, Anthony (Edward Everett Horton), achieves little of note except a large family and a knighthood from Queen Victoria. Interest at this period is centred in a coalman (Brian Aherne), a distant Trimble connection, who emigrates to America with the Pomfrets' housemaid (Ida Lupino). This touch of democracy apparently stiffens up the line, and allows the next Trimble (Robert Cummings) to turn up in the Great War as an American soldier. Popping in to the old London house, now turned into a private hotel, on short leave, he marries the desk-clerk (Merle Oberon). Their daughter (Ruth Warwick) carries on the tenancy of the house, and is all ready and waiting when an ultimate Pomfret (Kent Smith) arrives with the 1940 sirens as an American war correspondent.

It is a pretty thought, even a helpful thought, that these Anglo-American Pomfret-Trimbles should unite to build a new house on the old foundations. But it is a thought at which we have to arrive after a good deal of demolition work, which might advantageously have been done by the producers, pushing away irrelevancies and getting the rubbish clear.

Good intentions again seem to have outrun good judgment, when Hollywood made the routine little melodrama you can see this week at the Plaza, and called it "CHINA." "China," as one frank American reviewer observed, "manages to make one of the most impressive races on earth seem like a corny subject."

The Chinese, except for a guerilla or two, and a bunch of girl students who have to be evacuated by lorry from somewhere to somewhere, are of comparatively minor importance in the film. Interest is centred on the regeneration of a tough American oil salesman (Alan Ladd). This worthy is engaged — before Pearl Harbour, naturally—in the business of selling petroleum to the Japanese in China. It is only when he meets an American teacher (Loretta Young), in charge of a covey of native girls, that he sees the light. The teacher, a smart young thing in stormproof lipstick and a well-cut raincoat, reminds him that millions of little guys like him and her have a tradition of freedom in their blood. Her *clichés* so work on him that he agrees to blow up a whole Japanese division. He dies of it, and lest it should seem excessive for a star of Mr. Ladd's calibre to give up his life for China, the film assures us that the Japanese are busy bombing Pearl Harbour at that precise moment.

Sally tells of her experiences with the Axis agents to Bob's girl-friend Christine (DOROTHY LAMOUR) *and a crowd of satellites. Bob begins to realise he is in for a tougher proposition than he dreamed of.*

H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF KENT *took the salute at a Youth Week Parade at Leeds. The* LORD MAYOR OF LEEDS (MISS J. B. KITSON) *and the* EARL OF HAREWOOD *are with her on the steps.*

The "Chariot" race at a recent London Area A.T.S. Ceremonial Parade and Sports Meeting was won by a team of Majors. This TEAM OF BRIGADIERS *also competed.*

LIEUT. JOHN ERSKINE DUNDONALD COCH-RANE, R.A., *son of S/Ldr. and Mrs. Jack Cochrane, married* MISS ELIZABETH MARY ALLGOOD, *daughter of the late Captain B. Allgood, at St. Mary Abbots*

MRS. E. H. FIELDEN, *mother of young* ANGUS, *godson of the King, is the wife of Group Captain E. H. Fielden, Captain of the King's Flight. He went to North Africa with his Majesty, but did not pilot the 'plane.*

This smiling WREN *works at the repair depôt of a landing-craft base where the training of our Amphibious Forces is in progress.*

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL, *Viceroy-designate of India, was in London on Alexandra Day, and bought his rose from* SISTER BLAND, *of St. George's Hospital.*

ROYAL, NAVAL, MILITARY AND SPORTING

WING-COMMANDER G. P. GIBSON *(centre) and his fellow "dam-busters" of the Möhne and Eder raid received their honours from H.M. the Queen, acting as deputy for the King. This was the first occasion when a Queen Consort has held an Investiture. W/C. Gibson received his V.C. and Bar to his D.S.O., and his thirty-three comrades were all decorated.*

MISS PHYLLIS CALVERT *(in private life Mrs. Peter Murray Hill), screen star of "Kipps" and "The Young Mr. Pitt," is the proud mother of a baby daughter.*

MRS. DOROTHY PICKARD *is the wife of A/Wing-Commander P. C. Pickard, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C., famous "F for Freddie" pilot.* NICHOLAS *is her young son.*

Right: MRS. D. R. N. CLARKE, W.R.N.S., *is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. R. M. Preston. She is personal assistant to Adml. Forbes, C.-in-C. Plymouth, and does the work of a Flag Lieutenant.*

H.M. THE KING *("General Lyon"), visiting the American Armed Forces in North Africa, saw a display of street-fighting.* GENERAL MARK CLARK *is vigorously explaining tactics.*

H.M. THE QUEEN *admired the healthy Bethnal Green rabbits in hutches at a model farm in the blitzed East End of London.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURE FORM.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

WING-COMMANDER G. P. GIBSON, V.C., D.S.O. *and Bar (seen with his wife at Buckingham Palace)—for winning the V.C. by his magnificent leadership of the Ruhr dam-busters.*

Two types of the Grow "flak jacket" worn by U.S.A. Air Force men.

COLONEL MALCOLM C. GROW, *U.S. Army surgeon—for inventing armour for airmen, or "flak jackets" (seen left).*

THE epic story of WING-COMMANDER G. P. GIBSON, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, and his force of Lancaster bombers which wrecked the three Ruhr dams made May history. Last week he attended at Buckingham Palace with his wife, to receive his brilliantly-won V.C., and a Bar to the D.S.O., handed to him by the Queen, who deputised for the King, then abroad.

COLONEL MALCOLM C. GROW, Surgeon of the Eighth Air Force, U.S.A. Army in Britain, is responsible for the invention and development of the "flak jackets" to protect bomber crews from flak splinters and shell fragments. The vest, of canvas fabric on which are sewn squares of manganese steel slightly overlapping, gives complete protection to chest and back. A sporran section suspended by hooks is also worn. They are easily discarded if a crew is obliged to bale out.

ON the occasion of a wolf hunt which took place recently, Caid el Ayadi, one of the richest men in Morocco, invited General Mark Clark, U.S.A., and twenty-five colonels to dinner. The food, including beautifully-roasted lamb served without knives and forks, was eaten in the Moroccan manner—with their fingers.

GENERAL MARK CLARK AND TWENTY-FIVE U.S.A. COLONELS—*for eating lamb with their fingers, Moroccan fashion.*

MISS DOROTHY PAGET—*for realising a dream by winning the Derby with a Straight Deal.*

LIEUT.-COMMANDER R. B. STANNARD, R.N.R., *and* WING-COMMANDER G. P. GIBSON, R.A.F.—*for being two V.C.s well met at the Palace.*

MISS DOROTHY PAGET realised a long-coveted success when her Solario colt, Straight Deal, won the substitute Derby at Newmarket, with Tommy Carey up. She bred him herself. She has spent many years and masses of money in the endeavour to secure a classic result. This success was followed up half an hour later by another win, in the Coventry Stakes, when her Orestes came in first, with the same jockey on his back.

TWO notable V.C.s—LIEUT.-COMMANDER R. B. STANNARD, V.C., D.S.O., and WING-COMMANDER GIBSON, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar—met at the first Investiture held by a queen since the days of Queen Victoria, when her Majesty deputised for King George in his absence. Lieut.-Commander Stannard won his V.C. at Narvik in 1939, and was at the Palace to collect his D.S.O., for success in sinking U-boats in the Atlantic. Wing-Commander Gibson, seen in our top-left picture, was decorated with the V.C. and a Bar to the D.S.O.

MISS FLORENCE DESMOND looked as if champagne wasn't in it with the cup of tea made with sea-water which she drank at the Trafalgar Square Salvage Campaign Week recently. Sea-water from the North Sea, condensed for drinking purposes by a recent invention, was one of the interesting exhibits on view.

FLORENCE DESMOND—*for drinking a nice cup of tea made with sea-water, with every appearance of enjoyment.*

"LIVING ROOM" AUTHOR IN HER OWN LIVING-ROOM.

MRS. ESTHER McCRACKEN'S "*Living Room*" *has just been produced at the Garrick. She is the author of* "*Quiet Wedding*" *and* "*Quiet Week-end.*" *Her husband, Lt.-Col. A. McCracken, is serving in North Africa: they have two daughters, Jane and Heather, and live at Rothley Lake, Hartburn, an interesting house owned by the National Trust. She is reading first-night congratulation wires.*

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK.

WIFE OF THE CHIEF CHINDIT.

MRS. WINGATE, *wife of Brigadier C. O. Wingate, leader of the wrecking expedition into Northern Burma, with her mother,* MRS. PATERSON.

At work in the garden of Place of Tillie Foure, the Scottish home of her parents.

Mrs. Wingate does a spot of
the ol

BRIGADIER ORDE CHARLES WINGATE, D.S.O., was the leader of the famous wrecking expedition into Northern Burma, one of the most remarkable exploits of the war. Everyone knows how he captained his band of Chindits, as they were called (after the fabulous griffins which guard the Burmese temples), through a three-months' campaign in enemy-occupied territory, and successfully destroyed numerous military objectives. His mixed band of guerillas were known as "Wingate's Follies," and he was also called the Lord Protector of the Pagodas by the friendly Burmese villagers. Mrs. Wingate, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Moncreiff Paterson, is staying with her parents at their Scottish home, Place of Tillie Foure, Monymusk, Aberdeenshire. She was born in Ceylon and met Brigadier Wingate on board a liner in the Mediterranean when she was fifteen. They were married two years later. Brigadier Wingate, who did brilliant work in Abyssinia, is a relative of Lawrence of Arabia, to whom he is often compared.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.

Getting tips on the culture of young lettuce from the old gardener, who has worked for forty years on the estate.

Off to the river with her rod, in the hope of bringing back some nice trout.

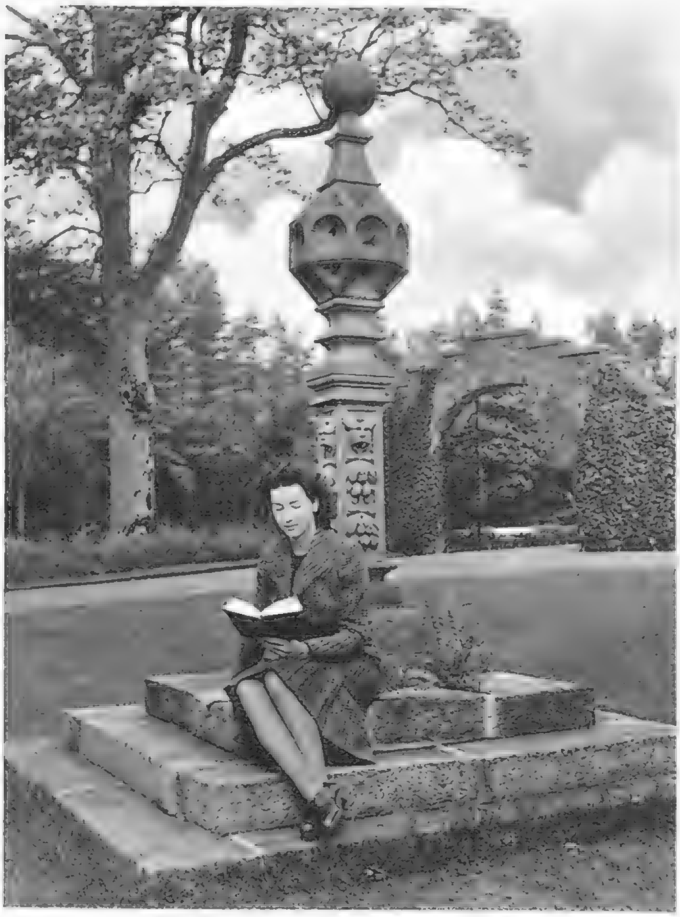
With Place of Tillie Foure in the background : Mrs. Wingate fishing on the Don.

N.B. A Coloured pla

AT PLACE OF TILLIE FOURE.

der the watchful eye of

Passing the time of day with two of the employees on the estate, and admiring the baby.



Enjoying a good book, while perched on the steps of the sundial in the garden of her parents' home.

Mrs. Wingate, with her mother, Mrs. W. E. Moncreiff Paterson, in the study. A photograph of Brigadier Wingate stands on the table.

A good cast: Mrs. Wingate, wife of the leader of the famous "Wingate's Follies."

Preparing her tackle during an afternoon's trout-fishing on the Don.

erted in this issue.

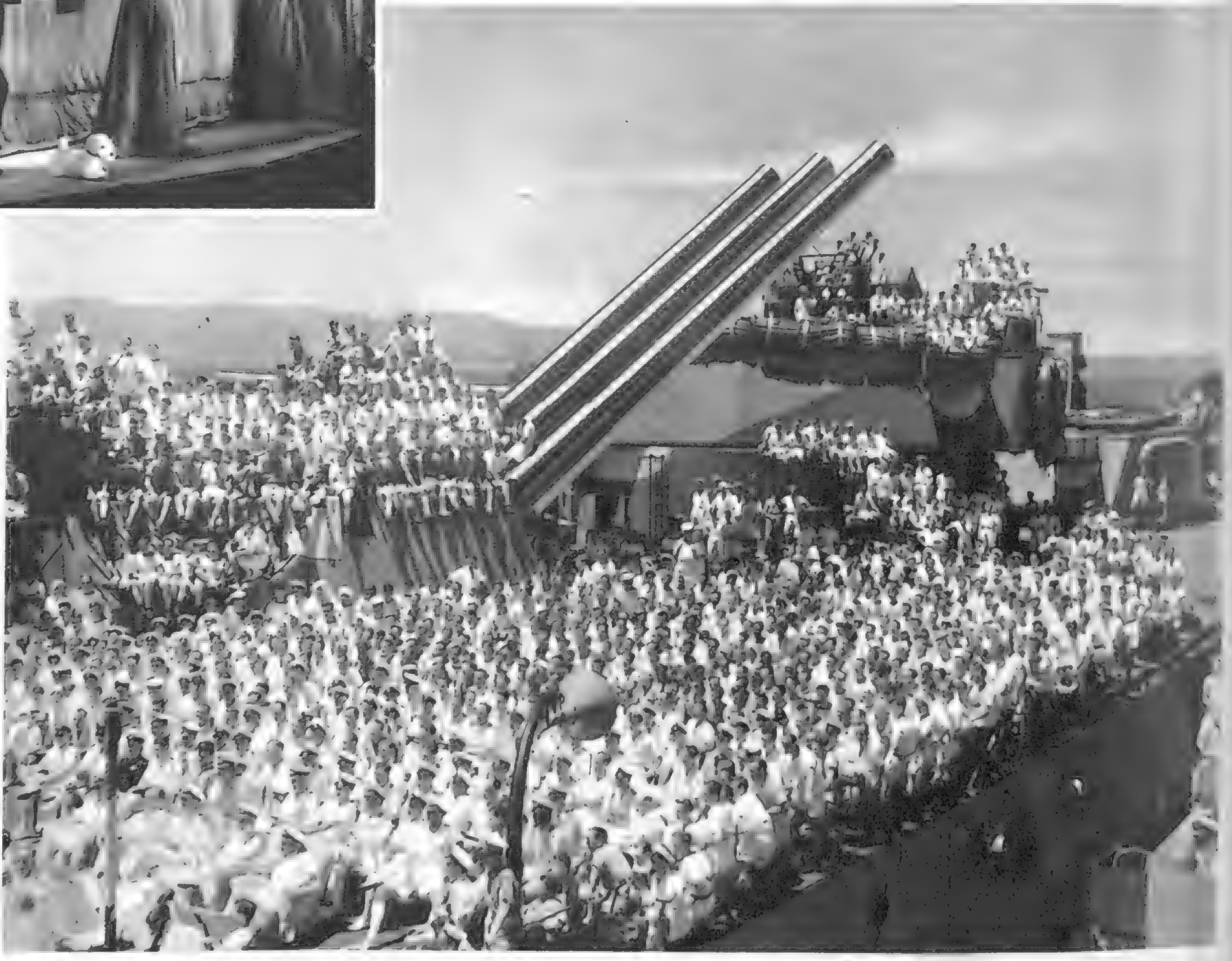
VIVIEN LEIGH *as Scarlett O'Hara—her famous "Gone with the Wind" film rôle—now in its fourth year in London.*

RICHARD HAYDN *as The Professor in "Cookery Lesson," at the Theatre Royal.*

LESLIE HENSON *with* VIVIEN LEIGH *in "The Decoy."*

A BACK-STAGE VIEW, *and who's who guessing game. The troupe with a Royal Navy décor of 16-in. guns.*

GIBRALTAR had another popular E.N.S.A. visitation recently—an all-star cast called "Spring Party," with Beatrice Lillie, Leslie Henson, Vivien Leigh, Dorothy Dickson, Richard Haydn, Kay Young and Nicholas Phipps. They performed on warships and at the Theatre Royal with great success, giving their audience a grand time, while they had great fun themselves in exploring the Rock and local interests.



WARSHIP AUDIENCE.

ENSA'S "SPRING PARTY" ON THE ROCK.

"MAGIC CARPET" BEAUTY AND MERRIMENT.

Somewhere near Panama: the A.B.s (CYRIL FLETCHER *and* SYDNEY HOWARD) *with a Southern Beauty* (KAY KENDALL) *and an American sailor* (NORMAN McGLEN).

"The Ring"—a Venetian Romance with PRUDENCE HYMAN *as the Ballerina,* BETTY ASTELL *as the Contessa and* GRAHAM PAYN *as the Minstrel.*

"MAGIC CARPET," Firth Shephard's new musical extravaganza at the Princes Theatre, is a gay, colourful show, full of comic invention and enlivened by first-class acrobatic dancing by the Ganjou Brothers and Juanita, Marguerite and Charles, and the somersaulters Valyne and Lontay. Sydney Howard is superb as Miss Finchbottom of the Bon Marché, a Tenderfoot, an A.B., and in other well-contrasted characters. The costumes and *décor* give a remarkable effect of pre-war variety, achieved, however, by a brilliant use of "bits and pieces," as Mr. Firth Shephard informed the audience on the first night.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VICKERS.

Symphony of the Sky: The Singer (PATRICIA STAINER), *Spirit of Flight* (PRUDENCE HYMAN), *Mr. Mercury* (GRAHAM PAYN), *the Elements* (GANJOU BROTHERS), *and Zephyr* (JUANITA).

PRUDENCE HYMAN *and* GRAHAM PAYN *as "Their Memories" in the Douglas Furber number, "Yesterday's Dreams."*

PATRICIA STAINER *and* GRAHAM PAYN *as the Cyclists in "Rhapsody on the Road."*

SYDNEY HOWARD *as Miss Finchbottom discussing the stocking problem in "Bon Marché."*

CYRIL RITCHARD AND MADGE ELLIOTT—THEMSELVES IN EGG PIE LANE.

Two in a woodland setting : CYRIL RITCHARD *and his wife,* MADGE ELLIOTT, *in the grounds of their country house.*

Apple Trees, Egg Pie Lane : the seventeenth-century home of Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott.

A keen gardener who has been digging successfully for victory : Cyril Ritchard hoes a long row.

Madge Elliott is proud of the crop of broad beans in the kitchen garden, but she loves her roses, too.

A stroll through the flourishing orchard of Apple Trees, accompanied by one of their favourites.

By the wide, open hearth of the living-room : Cyril Ritchard, Madge Elliott, and company.

CYRIL RITCHARD and his wife, MADGE ELLIOTT, the stars of "The Merry Widow" revival at His Majesty's, were originally a dancing team in Australia. They soon reached the front rank in this country and are to-day among the best-known personalities of light opera and revue artists. Cyril Ritchard is a Kentish landowner, as, in addition to Apple Trees, Egg Pie Lane, he owns the adjoining farm of 300 acres, and intends to take up farming seriously. In the meantime, the kitchen garden of Apple Trees gives him, in his spare moments, plenty of horticultural fun. [PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.]

CYRIL RITCHARD AND MADGE ELLIOTT—STAGE PRINCE AND MERRY WIDOW.

ON our facing page we give photographs of MADGE ELLIOTT and CYRIL RITCHARD as they are at home—here they are pictured as Sonia and Prince Danilo as they appear on the stage in the revival of Franz Lehar's musical comedy, "The Merry Widow," at His Majesty's. This famous piece was originally seen in London in the English version in 1907, with Lily Elsie and Joseph Coyne in the leading rôles. This is its fourth London revival and it's again proving a big success.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

PATRICIA BURKE as *Gabrielle Girard ("Gay"), the tragic heroine of "The Lisbon Story."*

The Polish dancers, ALICIA HALAMA *and* CZESLAW KONARSKI, *as Piety and Evil in the Mogador Theatre ballet scene.*

The gay and colourful peasant dance at the Festival of the Blessing of the Nets.

ALICIA HALAMA *and* CZESLAW KONARSKI, *the Polish dancers, in the Blessing of the Nets Festa scene.*

"THE LISBON STORY," George Black's new show at the London Hippodrome, is a drama with music—and a drama in which the beautiful and patriotic heroine, Gabrielle Girard, sacrifices her life in order that a great scientist shall live. The story opens in Lisbon. Gabrielle has refused to return to Paris and stage a show subtly to assist German propaganda; but when she sees a chance of helping the famous scientist Sargon by returning to France, she does so, and stages a symbolic ballet in

PHOTOGRAPHS

PATRIOTIC SPY DRAMA WITH MUSIC AND DANCING:

Gabrielle Girard sings "The Song of the Sunrise" at the Festival of the Blessing of the Nets at Valero.

ELEANOR FAYRE, *young actress who scores a personal success as the Flower Seller in the Mogador Theatre scene.*

The symbolic ballet at the Mogador Theatre, Paris, in which Wisdom, Innocence, Piety and Evil dance with the corps de ballet.

which Piety and Evil are represented. As soon as the Nazis realise the meaning of the show, Gabrielle is shot on the stage, and dies. This modern melodrama is told with all the accompaniments of music, dancing, and colourful costume; and Patricia Burke has plenty of good numbers which she puts over with all her grace and skill. The dancing of Halama and Konarski is excellent, and the chorus singers are first-class. Harry Parr-Davies's music is fresh and dramatic.

PATRICIA BURKE *as Gabrielle Girard giving the brilliant number, "Song of the Drum."*

Y ROYE.

"THE LISBON STORY" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MOST of Miss Delafield's novels can be divided into two categories: the comic and the sad. The comic are funnier than life usually is, and the sad are sadder. She sees the human lot through spectacles that are either rose-coloured or dark-tinted. Sometimes the colours get mixed, and sometimes we observe that traits in human nature which only serve to cause the first Miss Delafield humorous exasperation, seriously offend the second. But, on the whole, the line of division between her two moods is plainly marked.

"Late and Soon" belongs to the second class. Valentine Arbell, a widow with two grown-up daughters, is living at Coombe, her late husband's country house in the West of England. With her lives her elder brother, a retired General, whose ill-health makes him seem older than he is and more captious and irritable than his nature, perhaps, intended him to be. Lady Arbell is badly off, and the task of making both ends meet at Coombe taxes her to the utmost. She is conscious of representing a decaying tradition—the more so that both her daughters are uncompromisingly "modern" in outlook and behaviour. With the elder, Primrose, beautiful, ruthless, brutally outspoken, she has never been able to get on. Jess, the younger, though waiting to be called up, is still a child and, in spite of some irritating traits, a very likeable child: the contrast between the two sisters is one of the subtlest things in an extremely subtle book. When the story opens, in January 1942, not one of the most cheerful moments of the war, Valentine is informed that some officers are to be billeted on her. One, Colonel Lonergan, turns out to be a man to whom she had been very strongly attracted when she was a girl in Rome. A quite unsuitable suitor, as her parents thought, he had been sent about his business; but she had never lost her feeling for him and his coming renews it in them both. But there are many complications, the chief being that Lonergan is now the lover of her daughter Primrose; and Primrose, aware that he is to be at Coombe, has decided to go home for a week to prosecute the intrigue under her mother's roof. She is ignorant of Valentine's thirty-year-old attachment to Lonergan, and he is equally unaware that Primrose is Valentine's daughter.

Obstacles to Marriage.

This rather sordid situation has endless dramatic possibilities. Over the more obvious of them Miss Delafield does not linger long. In spite of her conventional upbringing, Valentine is infinitely tolerant and sympathetic; and Primrose, who prides herself on recognising any truth, particularly when it is disagreeable, faces bitterly, but boldly, up to this one. The reasons why Valentine and Lonergan hesitate to marry are more recondite; they consist, principally, in Lonergan's unabated adoration for the Frenchwoman, now dead, who had been his mistress, and for her daughter, his strongest human tie, a girl living in Ireland; and in the inevitable difference in outlook between a woman with Valentine's traditions and the libertine Irish painter who had somehow become a colonel in the English Army. The arrival of Valentine's worldly sister-in-law, Venetia, puts the question of social disparity in a needlessly strong light.

But a mere recital of the facts gives no idea of the far-reaching issues, moral and spiritual, raised by Miss Delafield's handling of them. "Probably happiness isn't as frightfully important as one thinks," said Jess. "I mean, honestly and truly, Mummie, what do individual people matter?" This query is only one of many, equally fundamental. And the characterisation is superb. Primrose and Venetia are both a little overdrawn, and in Lonergan the elements are more variously mixed than perhaps they could be in any one man—though I think he lives, in spite of his chameleon hues. But many of the others are unforgettable, and a special mention should be made of Captain Sedgewick, Lonergan's fellow-billetee, a "man of the future" whose unsparing impartiality of vision brings the cold light of scientific research to bear on this very human story.

The Commandos.

"Spear Head" is, in a way, a companion piece to Mr. John Brophy's "Immortal Sergeant." Again Mr. Brophy's unit is a detachment of soldiers; but this time he is concerned, not with the infantry, but with the Commandos. The methods and ideals of the Commandos, compared with the Army's more traditional conception of warfare, are as journalism to literature; and, suitably enough, a high-grade journalist is one of the principal observers through whose eyes we watch the Commando at work. Twice it goes into action, once on the Norwegian coast and once on the French; but before that we accompany it on a stretch of preliminary training in the Lake District—training that is half-way to a battle, so arduous and dangerous is it. The handful of men include representatives from England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, and one is a Canadian-American: they are very carefully differentiated and have but two qualities in common, toughness and a pride in their unit. As in the earlier book, Mr. Brophy singles out one of the group for special attention and sympathy: this is O'Donovan, a mere youngster, with a talent for drawing and a very good opinion of himself. Fortunately for him, O'Donovan's initiative and impatience of discipline generally serve the party well; but on one occasion he makes an error of judgment which has disastrous results for him and two of his comrades—not to speak of the girl, Carol Blanchard, who desperately awaits his return.

The Love-Interest.

The love-interest here is not retrospective; it is actual and contemporary, and gains piquancy from the fact that the object of O'Donovan's adoration is the sister of the Commando's captain. He does not belong to her world, but this obstacle she brushes aside. I think Mr. Brophy tends to minimise the importance of the social barrier, just as Miss Delafield exaggerates it, and we might perhaps say that the love-interest is the department of the story which is too much dominated by coincidence, and in which the author's analytical probings do not quite touch the heart of the matter. It is well done, but somehow less convincing and memorable than his picture of the Commando.

Reflective and philosophic, Mr. Brophy's mind is peculiarly at ease on that very difficult psychological terrain where thought and action meet, the terrain where Hamlet got so inextricably bogged. Most novelists of the last war—certainly those who wrote after the war—did not allow much rationality to warfare. It was all mud, blood and suffering, an experience to which men had steeled their nerves, but which the reasoning part of their minds generally rejected. Matthew Arnold's phrase, "where ignorant armies clash by night," sums it up. Mr. Brophy's soldiers are intelligent too, but they use their intelligence in, and for, fighting; warfare for them is not a frustration, a denial of intelligence, but a test and an expression of it. And also a test and expression of character. We see how O'Donovan's youthful conceit is remoulded by success and failure into a mature self-confidence. He is likeable, but he undergoes the author's searching criticism—which is roughly true of all the characters, both in their individual and their corporate aspects. For the Commando has a personality of its own, transcending the sum of the personalities of those who compose it.

"Spear Head" deserves a special word of praise for the quality of the writing. Mr. Brophy's prose is invariably distinguished. He has a very wide vocabulary and uses it like a master.

Daughters of Mr. Trygve Lie, Norwegian Foreign Minister, MISS SISSEL LIE *is a sergeant, and* MISS GURI LIE *a private in the Norwegian Women's Auxiliary Corps. They came to England in June 1940 and went to school over here, Sissel to Queen's College, Harley Street, Guri to Roedean. Nearly a year ago they joined the N.W.A.C., and they both have clerical jobs in London.* [PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. GOODMAN.]

A Delicate Situation.

"Wolf in Man's Clothing" is a detective story of such complexity and, it may be added, of such improbability that only the strongest narrative interest could make it continuously gripping. Mrs. Eberhart's inventiveness is well known. She contrives at the outset a highly dramatic situation. Two nurses arrive at an American country house to tend the owner's son, who has been mysteriously shot; the younger of the two turns out to be his divorced, but still loving, wife, who has chosen this original method of staging a reunion. But does he want her there? It is clear that his father does not, nor his beautiful stepmother, and her position would be even more anomalous and difficult were it not for the spate of murders that now breaks out, drawing one's attention this way and that, and obscuring the love-issue. This is a story of wartime, and conditions arising from the war contribute to the solution of the puzzle, but by the time we have reached it we have surrendered the investigation, almost with relief, to the elder nurse and the official detectives. That "Wolf in Man's Clothing" should have an atmosphere pregnant with mystery is to be expected of Mrs. Eberhart's reputation; but the motive power of the story is insufficient for the weight it draws.

Motives in Plenty.

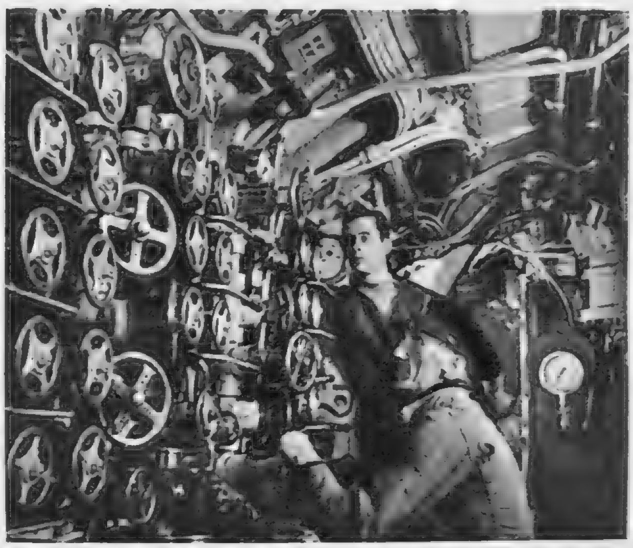
When Councillor Henry James Grayling was murdered, suspicion centred on the nine people who had shared his railway carriage on the journey from London to his suburban home. Four of them were not proved to have had any previous contact with the victim, but the remaining five all had some acquaintance with him—which, in his case, was almost equivalent to having a motive for murdering him. Perhaps like attracted like; for they are a poor set of creatures. Indeed, one almost regrets that in "Somebody at the Door" Mr. Postgate keeps to the plan of having only one murder when he has liberally supplied motives for half-a-dozen.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Late and Soon. By E. M. Delafield. (*Macmillan; 8s. 6d.*)
Spear Head. By John Brophy. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
Wolf in Man's Clothing. By M. G. Eberhart. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
Somebody at the Door. By Raymond Postgate. (*Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.*)

WHAT LIFE IS LIKE IN A SUBMARINE: "CLOSE QUARTERS."

The Captain at the periscope: a scene in "Close Quarters," new film record of British submarines.



The control room during a dive: one of the crew blows the main ballast.

The fore-end crew loading the "fish" into the tube: torpedoes are known as "tin fish" in the Service.

Waiting and listening: the Captain (blue jersey) and crew in the control room during a depth-charge attack.

The submarine Torpedo Petty Officer at the torpedo firing panel. The men in the picture are officers and ratings of H.M. Submarines.

Domestic interlude: seamen in the Depôt Ship, the home of the submarine flotilla which operates from that base.

The commander of the submarine "Tyrant": a fine study of a typical N./O.

"CLOSE QUARTERS," film of the British submarine "Tyrant" at work on North Sea Patrol, was produced by Crown Film Unit with the full co-operation of the Royal Navy. All the men in the picture are officers and ratings of his Majesty's Submarines, and it gives an authentic story of life in a submarine on active service, with its perils, and the skill and courage which it demands. The story is that of the heroic "daily round." "Tyrant" is bombed, she picks up a party of Norwegians escaping to England, torpedoes a floating dock and is attacked. The picture was shown privately at the Ministry of Information last week, and was due to come to the Regal on Friday last, June 25.

THE HAT.*

By KAYE HUGHES.

CAROL stepped through the long French window and stood steadying herself against the heavy velvet curtains. She smoothed back her hair and took a deep breath before she began to speak. It was essential that she should be calm and collected, as if nothing had happened. Above all, her voice must not betray her now at this critical moment. In the next few minutes so much was to be decided, and it depended on her. Alec had told her that. If she played her part as he had mapped it all out for her all would be well. She must have command of the situation from the moment Charles turned and saw her standing there, cool and imperturbable, with only a faint curiosity about his early return from the office in her face. No hint of panic about her entrance; no sign that still those last words of Alec's were ringing in her ears.

"Back early, aren't you, dear?" she said, surprising herself with the firmness of her own voice. "Are you all right? Not got a cold coming on or something?"

She recognised the uneasiness in his face as he turned and came towards her. But his answer was the evasive one she had expected. He took out his cigarette-case and lit one; then, as an afterthought—for she seldom smoked—snapped the case open and offered it to her.

"Don't let's beat about the bush," he said then. "You know as well as I do why I'm home early to-day. Don't you?"

"Really, Charles! It sounds like a feverish cold——"

He shrugged impatiently away from her. "All right, then. Say it was just a feeling I had. A sort of a hunch that something was going to happen to-day——"

Had he noticed her hands clench on the back of the chair? When he spoke again his voice was a little gentler. "Why don't you come over here and sit down? We can talk just as well." But after a moment his face was grim again. "We've got to talk, you know, my dear. About that fellow—he was here this afternoon, wasn't he? There were marks of a car along the drive—I never take a wide sweep in like that. It's the sort of way he would turn in with a bit of a flourish even in his driving."

She managed the laugh superbly. All her distress and uneasiness was in it—for anyone else but the husband who was still far from sure of his ground. For him it was a mocking little laugh, a slightly indulgent laugh for a man who was being rather childishly jealous all about nothing at all. Alec would have applauded that laugh. "You've got to keep him guessing. Make him feel perhaps he's being a bit of an ass, so that he never actually accuses you directly——"

She could almost hear Alec's very voice here in the room with them. No, no—she must keep a grip of herself. Alec couldn't help now. It rested with her now. She had been so sure she could pull it off on her own—even better without him there. But then she hadn't known it was going to be like this. The strain of trying to appear nonchalant, to give those evasive answers, to avoid committing herself, while all the time only one question pounded in her brain: "Is Alec safe? Is there a chance? Can he have got away in time?"

But her voice, obedient to that phantom prompter who had sketched so exactly the way an irate husband was liable to behave, went on gently, teasing. "Do you really examine the drive with a magnifying-glass to see what callers I have, Charles?" The bantering note—the implied refusal to take his suspicions seriously. "Funny, cross old Charles!" she said, coming behind his chair to stroke the top of his head.

He reached up a hand and clasped hers reassuringly. She thought that perhaps after all it was going to be all right. So far, she had not made a false move, and Charles was making things unexpectedly easy for her. "So I'm a silly old fool—is that it? He hasn't been here to-day? Nor yesterday—not since the party when I told you I would rather your association should cease? When did you last see him? Will you tell me?"

"Not since the party," Carol said dully. "We had a party that last night—just you and Lewis and the twins—you remember?. That was the last time for all of us—you must remember——"

"Of course I remember," said Charles, and he stood up and put an arm round her shoulder and walked with her to the windows. "And, what's more, we'll have another party—and he'll be there—that is, if you'll tell me he's nothing to you. I've made a silly old man's mistake just because perhaps it's only natural I should be a little jealous of such a lovely young wife."

But Carol was floundering. The party—she was remembering the party all too vividly. It was all very well for Charles to say they'd have another one. All very well for him to talk about Alec being there. In her heart she didn't believe it. She didn't care whether or not there were any more parties. The only thing that mattered was that Alec should have got away, that he should be now at this moment safe. It looked as if everything was against it. Oh, if only there'd been a little more time! If only she could know for certain what had happened!

For a moment her resolution left her. She cried out: "Oh, Charles! I can't—I can't——"

"You can't understand why I should doubt you, my dear—I know it's despicable of me—but forgive me. Let's forget the matter. I take your word for it—he has not been here. Now what about some tea? Just you sit here and I'll go and tell Mary."

This was the moment she dreaded. If only she could escape from this hot, bright room! If only she could cry out to someone—anyone—tell them everything, make them understand how she must not—could not—fail Alec. Or, better still, rush away and find someone to ask about him: what had happened to him, whether he would come back safe for her. If he did, he'd want to know that she hadn't failed him. That was why somehow she must gather her strength. The worst part was yet to come. When Charles came back, having found out proof of her faithlessness, that was the moment she must brace herself for.

She was walking to and fro, first to the window, where she dared no more than step just outside the windows for a quick glance into the garden. Then back to the fireplace and again to the window, this time listening anxiously for Charles's return.

She was prepared for his entrance, that look of grief on his face, the sag of his shoulders that made him suddenly elderly. She turned away, avoiding his accusing eyes. She was trying to remember what she must say to him—the excuses, the pleas, finally the defiance. It had all been on the tip of her tongue. How often had she and Alec gone over that justification of an unhappy woman's betrayal of a too-complacent husband! But now—now suddenly the ideas were muddling together in her head, the words to express all the bitterness and misery of her loneliness would not come. She made a little gesture towards him, a beseeching look on her face. But this time he was not ready to meet her halfway.

"You shouldn't have sent him away in such a hurry. He forgot his gloves and hat," he said gravely.

And it added to her confusion that he had not flung the hat down with the gloves at her feet, but was pressing it upon her, insisting that she should take it in her hand, as if he feared for a moment she might attempt to deny these inescapable proofs of her duplicity.

Stupidly, finding no words to say, she took the hat; then, as if in obedience to some compulsion from him, examined it. And while she twirled it idly in her hands he flung away from her, storming out now at last his anger and denouncement of her.

All at once her brain was cool and alert again. She recalled exactly all the arguments she must muster in her self-defence. She remembered all those tricks of piteousness with which she might seek to move him even now. Distress was no longer a secret, gnawing thing that somehow she must hide. It was part of her power: she could afford to let it grip and sway her openly. It belonged not in a secret, frightening way to her, but to the rôle which for Alec's sake now more than ever she must play like some inspired actress . . .

An inspired actress—that was the phrase the public were shaping when the final curtain fell, and they mingled Carol's name with their shouts for "Author! Author!"

And Carol took the call for both of them. "I think I'm going to take you into my confidence," she said. "When the curtain went up to-night I had just heard that my husband's ship had been torpedoed. But though I'm afraid he won't be able to make you a first-night speech, may I make you a short one?" Then she lifted the hat in which the message had been conveyed to her on the stage, and read: "Crew of H.M.S. 'Pelican' landed at a Scottish port. All safe."

And when the cheering broke out she knew that the play her husband had written for her was in for a long run.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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WOMEN IN WARTIME

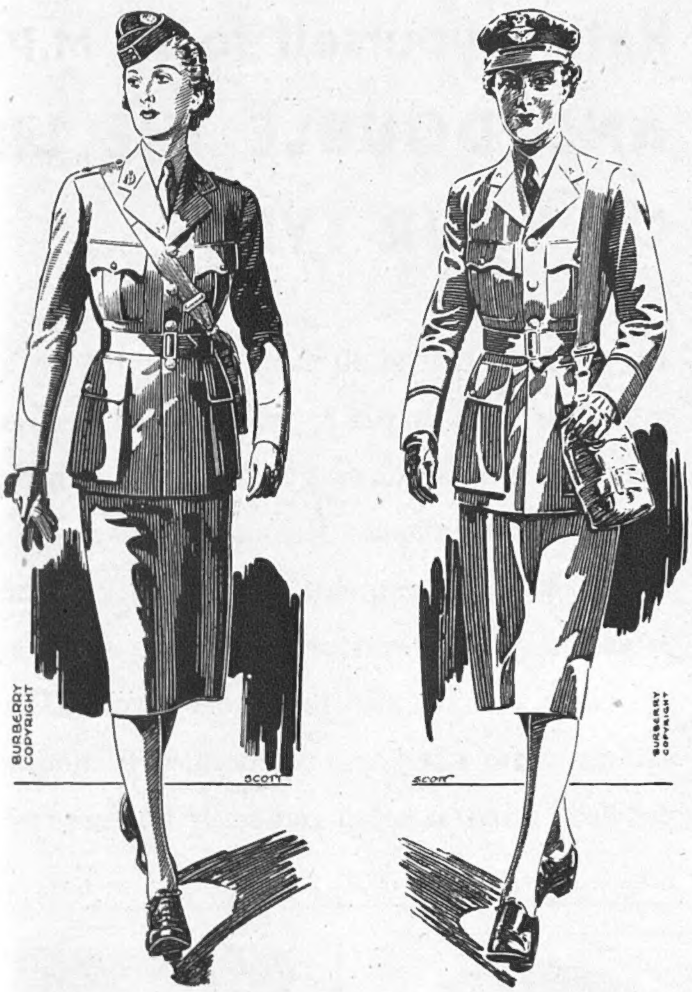
THE LITTLE FROCK

SUMMER CYCLING SUITS

BRUSHED MOHAIR SWEATERS

EVERYTHING in the sportswear department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, is neat and practical. There are frocks for the very warm weather, one of which is illustrated above. Carried out in fancy rayon showing an artistic and cheerful design, it has short sleeves, and the cut is simple, hence it is easy to wash. In striking contrast to the cotton frocks are the suède waistcoats destined to be worn with shorts. Summer cycling outfits are rapidly coming into their own. The shirts are cut on workmanlike lines and can be worn with divided skirts or slacks. For the chilly mortal there are brushed mohair sweaters. They button smartly up to the neck and are available in a variety of colours. Plain and striped cotton shirts are in the limelight, or should it be said the sunlight?—and are very useful. No one must leave this establishment without seeing the blouses, as the colours are so attractive that they act as a mental tonic.

CASH and coupons are among the important things which have to be considered. There is a demand for simple frocks and accessories, which may be worn on a variety of occasions throughout the year: then remodelling has its rôle to play. The little frock on the left comes from Gorringes in the Buckingham Palace Road. It is expressed in two tones and in a variety of materials: naturally there are many colour schemes, the bolero matching the skirt. The interest which everyone takes in economy is intense, even in the model gown department odd skirts are well represented. It must not be overlooked that they are admirably cut and are made of a woolly fabric, therefore they do not sag. Here are likewise to be seen fashions for the little people, including macks reinforced with hoods. The colours are pretty, and so are those of the nursery frocks. Pinafore dresses that may be worn with coatees or blouses are very economical, as they subsequently can be easily enlarged.



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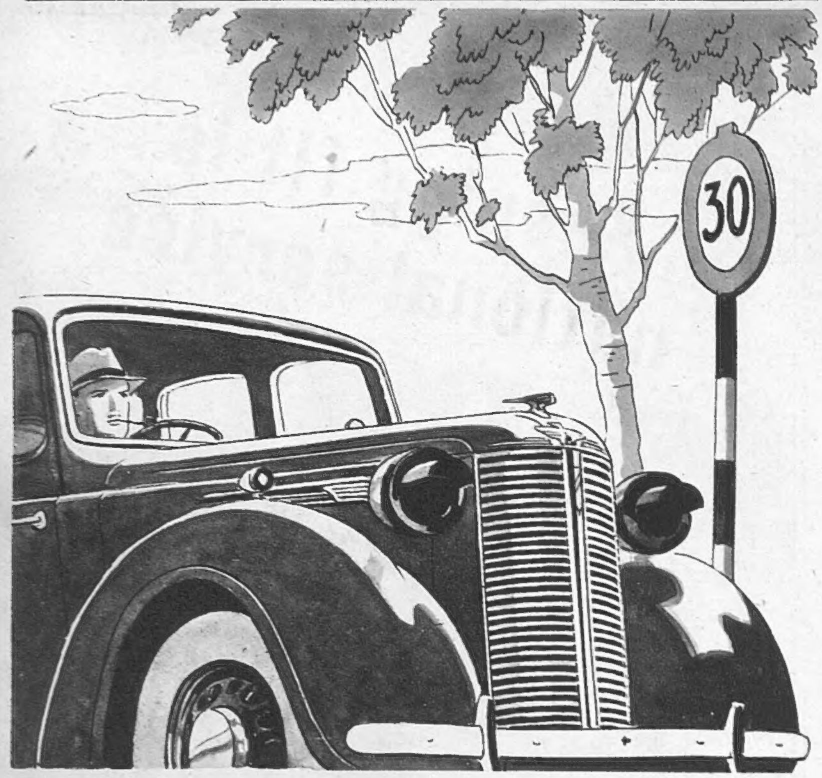

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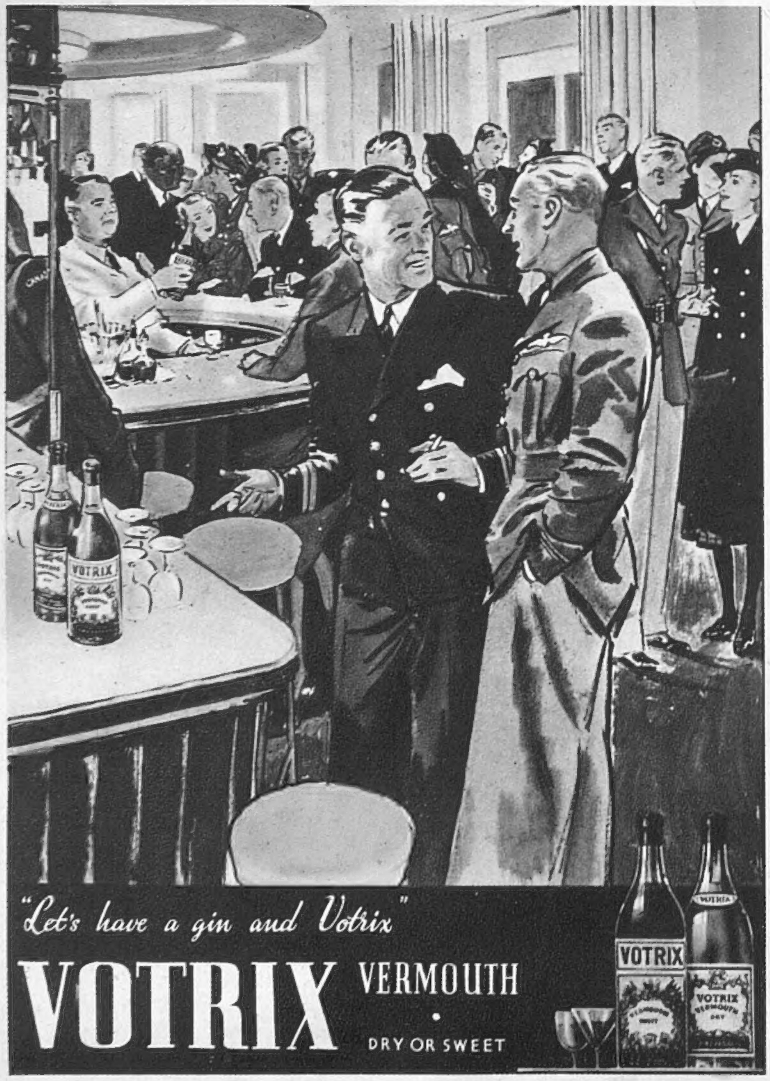

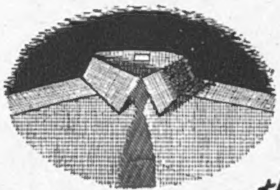

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